

Maxine Donnelly Hilton



1927-2019

A life well lived.

Early Years



[Rains,] the small town¹ where I was born on Jan 11th, 1927, no longer exists. It has reverted to the elements with a little help from dynamite. All that can be seen is a small expanse of rubble and dirt – not much testimony of a once small, thriving mining town where people lived, worked and died.

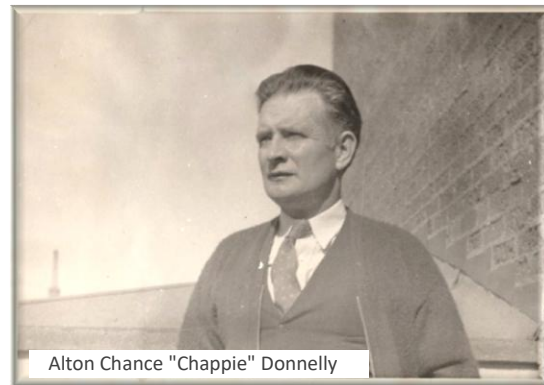
Rains was enjoying a booming economy in the year I was born. The miners were working full-time to turn out

coal for America and my Father was the Superintendent of Mines at Rains. He was the BOSS!

I was born at home which was a building once used as the Country Club for the town. It was the largest home in that small community. My Mother frequently entertained visiting “dignitaries” to the mines. There were already two sons living when I was born, Alton Stewart (1921) and Grant Lavar (1922).



[Let’s start at the beginning...] My mother, Ruby Stewartⁱ, was a school teacher who was offered and accepted the principalship of a one-room school in a Utah mining town. It was here that she met her future husband, Alton Chance Donnellyⁱⁱ, and they were married in January of 1921. ⁱⁱⁱMy brothers, Alton and Grant soon followed.



My father was a coal miner but my Mother

was quick to realize the intelligence of her new husband and with her encouragement convinced him to study for the Superintendent of Mines exam for the State of Utah. [Today] that [designation] would be the equivalent of a [4-year] mining engineer degree [with certification]. Together they hit the books with Mom providing the “know-how” and Dad the mental acuity necessary for such a gigantic effort. He passed the test and became, in those years, the youngest mine superintendent in the state [of Utah]. Life was on a roll, all uphill, all successful in those early years.

¹ See Document [A] NOTE: All original documents are archived with the Editors (Craig Hilton and Ann Twelves).

When Alton and Grant were about 4 and 5, my Father and Mother took their savings, bought a fancy car and headed for a 3-month vacation to Long Beach, California. Jobs were plentiful, “Chappie” Donnelly was well known in the mining business – he would get another job when he returned from their “vacation”. Return they did and landed in Rains, where I came into the picture. There were three more good booming years before the Great Depression hit in 1930 and life become difficult, jobs very scarce. It is hard to “boss” a mine that doesn’t work anymore! At this juncture, my Father took whatever was available, but he was always able to have a “job” and always one of responsibility. The mines, if luck, were working 1-3 days a week. My first recollection was of a town called Suzie.

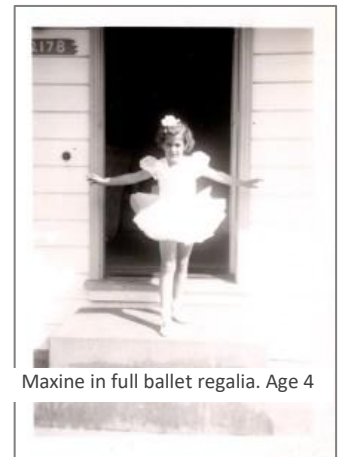
We lived in a nice home with a tub and wash bowl, with an outhouse. The snow at 7,000 feet was fierce and the winters were long and cold. I remember waking up to snow reaching the clothes line and a path having to be shoveled to the outhouse with 5 feet of snow on either side. The house just up the hill from us was completely snowed in!

Maxine(I) in front of Donnelly home in Kemmerer



I was about 4 in that year, and I had a friend up the hill also name Maxine. She decided, being older than I, to open a barber shop and use me as a client. I was mystified when my Mother was so upset at my new “hair-do”. (I probably would have fit right in with the new-age styles).

Money was tight [though we] seldom [realized it] because the benevolent Company Store, which let us have food, clothing, etc and the next paycheck was given to pay off the bill. One Christmas in Suzie were told that Santa wouldn’t be at our house as we didn’t have the money to pay him (Santa had to be paid!) Miracle of



Maxine in full ballet regalia. Age 4

miracles, Christmas dawned and Santa left a little table and chairs for me with a sea set and an erector set for my brothers plus nuts and candy. Bless the Company Store!

We lived in Suzie for a brief time and my Mother was concerned about schooling for her children, so we moved to Kemmerer, Wyoming, which was down the hill 5 miles. We rented a nice home when my brother Duane Gull was born in 1932. We were now 2 adults and 4 children when a letter arrived from my Grandfather Donnelly. [A bit of back-story...] Years before, my Father had been sent to a boarding house to live with his Uncle. Dad’s stepmother refused to live under the same roof with him and by his own admission he was spoiled. You have the story of this which I gave to you several years ago, so I won’t go into details here except to say Dad was forced to go into the mines at the age of 11. Anyway, this same stepmother had put Grandpa Donnelly out of the house because he was dying of cancer of the stomach and I can only guess was too much trouble. True to form, my dear parents took him to live with them the last months of his life. I remember Grandpa Donnelly as a kindly, elder gentleman who

always had a mint to share with me and who shared our lives for a brief time. He was buried in Kemmerer, and my parents struggled to pay for his burial – five dollars a month until it was paid off.

Previous to my Grandfather's death, my baby brother, Duane, at eleven months, began having convulsions. With a doctor in attendance, he died at home with suspected ruptured appendix. [We] three remaining children had our appendix removed during the next 1-1/2 years.

Duane died previous to Grandpa Donnelly. My Mother had a dream, which she recounted many times, of seeing Duane standing above her bed. She stretched out her arms to him and he said "No, it isn't your time yet" and he went and stood over Grandpa's bed. Mom awoke up and rushed over to his bed, but he had been escorted "home by his grandson".

My father was still the fire-boss and had to get to the mine every day (7/365) whether the mines were operating or not. He walked the five miles there and back in sometimes brutal weather of blizzards and snow. He says that sometimes he could only find his way by following the railroad track. When I think of the harshness of his life in those years, I want to weep, but I remember him singing (he loved to sing all the sold songs like "When You Wore a Tulip" and "I Wore a Big Red Rose") and [his] humor.



Shortly after Duane and Grandpa died, we moved to a bigger and nicer home on Pine Street, the main thoroughfare of Kemmerer and next to the Mormon Church when Dad became foreman of the Brilliant Mine. Of course, all heat and cooking was done with coal stoves. The water was heated by the coal stove in the kitchen. We were lucky to have a water tank in the bathroom. We didn't have electric irons, our irons were made out of "iron" and heated on the coal stove. If you wanted a curl in your hair, the curling iron was placed in the hot coals! (no wonder my hair is so thin!)

[When] I was 10-1/2², I came home from school to see a Model T parked in the front of our house. [Because] we lived next door to [the Mormon] church everyone driving along the Lincoln Highway which passed our house thought my father was the Pastor. As a consequence we had a constant trail of "hoboes", as we called them, knocking on our door asking for money. Of course, it was the Depression years and my Mom always answered "I don't have any money, but I'll be happy to feed you", and she did. Our lack of money was due to "The Company Store".

² See Document [D]

So, it was not unusual to see strangers our door. [One] car [of strangers] was from the Dust Bowl – with a family of 5. Their meager possessions were tied on the top of their car. Their reason for stopping was



for some clothes. As I came in my Mom said, “Maxine, go find a dress to give this girl – she is about your size”. I went into the bedroom, opened the closet and noted the slim pickings in the closet (one closet for everyone’s use). I carefully perused my few possessions and decided on my favorite play dress, though it had a small hole in the sleeve. I took it to my Mom and she said “Is this what you want to give?” and I said, “yes”. Now, I had been taught by my Mother to give the Best I had to everyone when needed – my Mom didn’t say anything, just gave me a look that I know as one of disappointment in me. The family left. To this day, I feel guilty about disappointing my Mother and myself. It was the last time I didn’t give my friends the biggest piece of cake, or cookies or paper dolls or whatever was needed. It was a turning point in my life of recognizing that there were lots of people out there who had

dire needs – I was the fortunate one – the Blessed One – I stopped measuring the biggest piece of whatever to take for myself, but rather gave the best I had to friends and neighbors.

My Mother³ baked bread every week – about 8-10 loaves - every once in awhile she’d make cinnamon rolls, too. Saturday she baked a round white cake which was frosted with “7-minute” frosting. This was to go with our pot roast, potatoes, vegetables and salad for Sunday dinner – always in the dining room. Our neighbors, the Fagnants, were one of the more affluent Kemmererians and I longed for a cake baked in a square pan and frosted with powdered sugar icing like they had!



Monday was wash day. Wash day was something else! Mom put a big brass tub on top of our coal stove – it covered the whole top. To this she added water (of course) and a bar of Fells Naphtha Soap she shaved into the water. After it came to a boil, she would first boil the white clothes for 15-20



minutes. They were then dipped out with a long stick and put in a large round tub

which was carried down into the basement where they were put into the old wringer-type Maytag washer and whipped by the agitator 10-15 minutes more. Then they were put through the wringer into a tub of clean, soap-less water and rinsed twice. (*Ed: Grandma had exactly the same machine in 1955*). In the meantime, the boiler upstairs was boiling away with the next batch of clothes. The process was repeated until all the clothes were washed, rinsed and hung to dry. They were hung very meticulously and neatly. One prided oneself in having the whitest and neatest



³ See [A]

wash on the line first on Monday morning! In summer, the wash would fly in the warm breezes, but winter was another thing. As soon as the temperature dropped, the clothes would freeze solid. They were brought in at the end of the day, stiff as a board, where they were hung in the basement and over chairs – wherever – first to thaw out and then get completely dry.

Tuesday was ironing day. Everything (!), incidentally, was ironed with old “iron” irons that were put on the stove to heat. Many years later, my Father bought my Mother a Mangle, which made it possible to sit down and iron “flat work” with apparent ease. Our aforementioned [well-do-do] neighbors had a basement with long lines in their furnace room so they never had to contend with handing out laundry outside in the miserable Wyoming winters. However, most everyone else in Kemmerer was in the same boat as we were!



Because we cooked and heated the house entirely with coal [*Ed: which burns 2-3 time hotter than wood*], the fire in the kitchen range was going full blast summer and winter as it was our only means of heating the water for cooking, washing, and bathing. Fortunately, our Wyoming summers were chilly, but I still remember the “hot” kitchens of summer where Mom baked, cooked, washed and canned and worked. I never remember my Mom complaining. “That’s the way it was” was an axiom that we grew up with. We learned young to accept what was, while trying to better ourselves each day.

Summers entailed canning for the long winters when one couldn’t buy a peach or pear or even bananas. My Mother had a sister, Dora, who had a fruit farm outside of Ogden, Utah. We usually made a yearly pilgrimage down there and came back loaded with bushels of all kinds of fruits and berries. These were all dutifully canned on a roaring hot fire in summer. I’m sorry to say my Mother didn’t have me participate in those hard-work days; but I did, in later years after marriage, also can. Mom kept two large round aluminum kettles boiling on the stove with fruits that had been washed and peeled and sliced. After cooking for the prescribed time, the fruit was ladled into sterilized bottles. Fruit was not the only product Mom put away for winter. There were dill and sweet pickles, break and butter pickles, pickled beets, sauerkraut, and of course, jillions of bottles of jam. My favorites were the strawberries and raspberries. Women took great pride in having their shelves lined with their handiwork. I must admit here that the happiest day of my life (kidding of course) was when I gave all my canning bottles away!



Shopping. Every day – five days a week a man named “Ted” knocked on our back-door. Mom gave him her order for the day – a big \$0.50 roast, or \$0.25 worth of steak, hamburger for \$0.10, stew meat \$0.25, etc. Everything was purchased through the “Company Store”. About 3-4 o’clock, “Ted” would return to our house with the order Mom had given him – whatever it was from shortening to spices to clothes and shoes. Once a month we “visited” the store to purchase clothes, etc. Dad’s paycheck was docked for our purchases so we really seldom had “money” to buy elsewhere. We really were chained to the Company Store, but I look upon them even now as benefactors. If the mines didn’t work, families could still feed their children. Even my first pair of “seamless” nylons were purchased at the Company Store.

Life Lessons

I should pause here and relate two innocuous stories that made an impact on my whole life.

Lessons in Obedience (1) - my Father gave me a red stone ring – perhaps it came from a Cracker Jack box, I don't really know [where it came from] but to me it was beautiful and my very first ring. Mom told me not to take it off outside as I skipped off to share it with my friends. I was about 4 years old. Well, naturally I took the ring off and spent the next few hours searching in the grass for it – it was never found. My Mother's admonition "Don't take your ring off outside, Maxine, you may lose it" still rings.



Lesson in Obedience (2) - was an incident on the front porch where my brothers were making airplanes with wood and nails. I had to get involved, and proceeded to put a nail in my mouth, at which point my Mother admonished me not to because if swallowed, I would end up in the hospital. Of course, I swallowed one and didn't tell my Mother, because I didn't want to go to the hospital. I'm certain the timeframe is off, but around age 5 I did have my appendix out and was positive in my childish reasoning the nail was the cause and effect. These two incidences taught me early on to listen to my Mother and to be obedient.

I was a very obedient child and listened always when my Mother proffered advice. I knew she had my welfare in her heart – she kept me out of a lot of trouble growing up!!!

Summers were spend in childish play – run sheep run, kick the can, hide and seek, plus hop scotch, marbles, jacks, Monopoly which could go on for days, roller skating, bike riding and movies. Always movies, which cost \$0.10, which was hard to come by. I'd sell milk bottles to get the 10 cents at times. My one and only spanking was a result of my wanting to go to a movie and Mom said she didn't have 10 cents. I whined and fussed until Mom turned me over on the bed and paddled me. I never did that again – I was a fast learner.

The schools in Kemmerer were wonderful. Our teachers came every year from the mid-west to our little mining-railroad town of 2,000. They were "spinsters" (Miss Rouche, Miss Jameison, Miss Wickeinger, Miss Trueheart, Miss Peefert and Miss Smith), a dedicated group of ladies whose lives were above reproach - or you didn't teach in Kemmerer! We walked to school each day and



back home for lunch and then back again.

School

We were expected to do well by my parents. In 7th grade, I brought home an F and a D – my Dad pointed his finger at me and said “you will never bring another set of grades like that young lady into this home”. It was a good admonition and the next report card was covered with A’s . In my first year of high school, I was one of the first inducted into the National Honor Society. Schooling was very important to my parents, because they know it was the way out of the mines and the society surrounding it.

I had 3 “best friends” – Elma Jean, Norma and Louise. [We were] called the “3 mosquitoes and the flea” because Louise [the “flea”] was 1 year older, a Catholic and rich compared to all of us. We remain in touch to this day except for Norma, and we don’t know what happened to her. Louise and E.J. died – Norma probably, too. I remain the last of the triumvirate.



Maxine age 17

I have many wonderful memories of my friends – they were happy good years.

Life progressed⁴. I grew up little by little learning much from my family and friends.



Wyoming Gold and Green Ball (and dog)

I forgot to mention our sleigh riding on cold wintry days. The bottom of “Big Hill” was covered with ashes so we could ride our sleighs down the hill. At the top of the hill was the elementary and junior high and high schools. It was a long walk from the bottom to the top, but we delighted in the cold wind

⁴ See document [F]

blowing in our faces as we rode our Flexible Flyers full-tilt down the hill. You haven't lived until you've ridden a Flexible Flyer!

Ice skating was another winter sport. Mom bought me ice skates one Christmas, size 6, I'd grow into them! My feet never grew past 5-1/2 until in my late 30's so they were always too big. I wasn't much of an ice skater because we had to skate on the frozen rivers and I was always afraid I'd fall through "thin ice".

When I was 14, my life was forever changed. Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and we were at war. My two older brothers prepared to enter the Naval Air Force by finishing two [required] years of college and passing their physical exam. They both were accepted and departed for [pre-flight training at] St. Mary's College in Orinda, California.

My Father left the mines to seek employment in Salt Lake City, Utah. He wrote he had a job on the railroad there, but the next thing we heard was he had gone to California to work ... surprise, surprise. He chose the city of Oakland and Naval Supply Depot to be closer to his sons. Mom closed up our home leaving everything there and paying the rent while she moved to Oakland to be with my Father.

I was in my sophomore year of high school and I had spent the last semester of my sophomore year [living] with a friend, Norma Ford in Kemmerer to finish out my year.

One of the highlights of Mormon girls growing up was the Gold and Green Ball at which a queen and her



court were chosen. You had to be a senior to participate, and I was so sad to think I'd never have an opportunity to be even considered for queen in California. Of course, I was at the Gold and Green Ball with my date and was completely surprised when they called my name as one of the attendants. I can never fully explain what joy I felt to have such an honor and only in the 10th grade. They were merely being thoughtful to a shy young girl about to part from the world as she knew it.

When school let out, Norma accompanied Mom and I back to California. Mom had come back and packed up the house to move to Oakland. Houses and rentals were practically non-existent during the war years with all the GI's in the Bay Area, but Mom found a 1 bedroom furnished apartment on 10th Avenue. Norma and I enjoyed the summer months there and I will be forever grateful for their help in my adjustment.

I debated⁵ whether to return to [Kemmerer to] graduate, but decided to face the uncertainties of a whole new life [in California]. I was very shy, very watched over, didn't wear make-up, wore bobby socks, and I was thrown into a whole new world!!!

Early California Years

[Once in California] I met my 3 good friends very quickly and learned apply lipstick! My first time at church (my friend, Norma came back with me to California for the summer), we asked where the 16 year old class was and were directed to a room – which we promptly left and explained to the gentleman “Oh, no, we’re just 16”, to which he replied “that’s it”. Sophisticated girls in full make-up, high heels, silk stocking – I never did feel I really belonged.



wanted, but for whatever reason, I chose to stick it out.

Just before graduation we had the Gold and Green Ball, a contest where every member voted for the girl of their choice. All the eligible girls were on stage behind a huge paper heart and the queen was to step out when her name was called. We all held our breath until the name was called and when I heard Maxine Donnelly as the queen, I couldn't believe it. To applause, my dates escorting me down the steps of the stage and we waltzed around the room. It was a happy memory and I'm sorry that such things are no longer done.

I graduated with Honors with a Silver Shield on my diploma and sat on the stage with the Honor graduates. But math, which I insisted on taking, were the courses that kept me from a Gold [seal]. However, I would do the same thing again. There is nothing like struggling in a subject that is not easy for one. I did do great in algebra

⁵ See Document [E]

I was put in the college prep course in my high school of 3,000 students (Kemmerer had 2,000 in the whole town). I learned to survive and had a great time and even was invited to join a sorority which my friend at school Evelyn Davies belonged, but declined.

I was out of my element, but I did adjust and met 3 lovely girls my first day - one with whom I still keep in touch, one who has died. I toyed with the idea of going back to Kemmerer to graduate at the urging and pleading of my friends. I'm not certain why I didn't, as my parents were in agreement if I



and trigonometry, but geometry and pre-calculus undid me!!!

My brothers came home on leave⁶ and I introduced Grant to Lorna Robinson. Three weeks later at the end of their leave, Grant and Lorna were married. I was Maid of Honor. They were married at the Robinson's [home] by the Bishop and left the next day for Pensacola, Florida.

I went to work that summer at the Oakland Tribune as an advertising writer. I earned \$80 a month for 8 hours of work, 5 days a week. I thought I was rich. Most the money went to help me get ready for college.

College Years



I couldn't decide whether to go to Berkeley, Stanford or Mills, but decided on B.Y.U. very late in August. The one dormitory for girls was full, so my fiends Norma and Elma Jean lived with Norma's parents, the Fords, who had moved to Provo, Utah [invited me to live with them]. We lived there for a semester and then got ourselves an apartment where we "batched it". The apartment was closer to school and had a stream with a lovely bridge over it. I spent a few moments while there, dangling my feet in the cool water and talking to friends and studying. It was a lovely spot – I still treasure it in my heart.

I had the usual dating, dances, movies and lyceums of college life. Happy times and memories.

When the year was over I retreated to California, where my brother Al had returned from the wars.

I met [Ted] when I returned from the "Y" after my first year of college⁷. He had returned from the War to his parent's

home at 3918 Everett Avenue, Oakland. My brother Al had [just] started school at Berkeley. [Since we only had two bedrooms [at home], the first one home got the bedroom and the other one slept on the couch in the living room!.

For my graduation from high school, my Mother and Father had my Aunt Maggie's engagement ring sized for me and I wore it on my right hand. Your Dad thought I was engaged to my brother Al until they became friends. I returned in June from the 'Y' and



Ted at UC Berkeley 1946

⁶ See Document [F]

⁷ See Document [M]

your Dad didn't ask me out until August 24, 1946. I had intended to return to Provo, but with Al going to Berkeley he suggested I go there, too. But I didn't make up my mind until after Ted and I started dating.



We had been dating since August, almost without seeing anyone else. Ted was 24, I was 19. One Saturday in September your Dad invited me to go up to Mount Diablo on a picnic. I furnished the food, he furnished the transportation and we both propelled ourselves up Mt. Diablo. We chattered away and finally found a good spot for the lunch. A little into the lunch time, Ted looked up at me and said these magic words "I love you!". I had already determined my feeling and said "I love you, too". He kissed me, of course, and then we continued to chat away. This was on October 24, 1946, two months exactly from our first date! I never felt more certain of anything in my life.

We came down from the Mount full of absolute joy. Your Dad told me later he told his Mother on our first date that he had met his wife to be. Suffice it to say, I never doubted for one minute my decision and we spent almost 55 wonderful years together. He is probably the smartest well-informed person, spiritually perfect and a

dear, dear person in my life. His children loved him dearly, too, and we shared many, many happy occasions as well as sad events. Life is made for us to learn a few things and I personally have had a wonderful journey with all the dear people in my family.

Ted and our Early Life

I changed schools to U.C. Berkeley and my brother Al and I commuted the 15 miles to the campus. At that time, with only two years of college under his belt, your Dad was admitted to Hasting Law School [at U.C. Berkeley]. We would meet on occasion on campus as he rode the bus from San Francisco.

One day, Ted appeared for me after a literature class and we strolled to one of the beautiful glens on campus, sat on the grass and were talking when Ted pulled out that small velvet box. I thought it was the most beautiful engagement ring in the world. I was overwhelmed at its beauty. Ted told me the diamond was a perfect one. Later, on our 26th [anniversary] he incorporated it into a gorgeous ring with the original ¼ carat stone in the center and two ½ carat stones on either side to represent each of our four children. We were engaged August 24, 1946, and decided to marry on June 24 after finals. It was a fun 8 month engagement.

I continued my sophomore year⁸, planning a June 24, 1947 wedding in Salt Lake. I finished my last final [exam] 2 days before we left with Omi and Ompa [(Ted's parents)] in their car for Salt Lake. [Just] before we left, [Ted] received a letter from Hasting lauding him for all the right [exam] answers but criticizing his written legalese. They wanted him to repeat year one to [refine] his written expertise, but he declined. I did my best to encourage him, but his mind was made up and he entered Berkeley as a Business Ed major. Dr. Kerr, at his graduation, urged him to do the MBA program at Berkeley, but Dad felt his responsibilities to his family. I was pregnant with Craig and no amount of encouragement from me could compel your father to matriculate more years.



On the 22nd of June, we drove – or rather Omi and Ompa drove us - to Salt Lake where we stayed at the beautiful Hotel Utah pre-marriage and after. We, of course, had very special wedding. My parents couldn't come because my Father had not yet been baptized (but at age 70 he thrilled us all by taking the Giant Step). We had Ted's best friend from his mission days, [Ted's] brother John and Ted's parents. It was a beautiful ceremony and after the wedding we

went to a friend of the Hilton's restaurant for a wedding luncheon – all 6 of us! Omi and Ompa gave us their car (they took the bus back to Oakland) and \$100 and we were off to California. We stayed at Zion's Lodge for 2 days, Long Beach several days, Cambrian Pines one day. I took in all the magical moments of that honeymoon.

We returned home on June 5, to attend our reception. I had wanted it in [my family's] home and we did. Mom had all the goodies catered and the 2 caterers were \$100. (couldn't even buy the invitations that that price now.) We had lots of guests come. Father Hilton was the Stake President and well known. It was a lovely evening never to be forgotten by us.

I had finished my 3rd year at Berkeley and I could have finished – my fault- but pregnant women in those years didn't go to college!! We went together my 3rd year and your Dad's 3rd year riding to school in an open air Jeep 3 days a week driven by a generous friend who picked up up – rain or shine. It was an adventure. We [also] had lots of activities in the Ward and lots of dances!

Our first "home" was rented from some Diamond Ward members – a lovely large home – we paid their mortgage for 3 months while they were gone and then we moved to our cute little 1 bedroom, bath

⁸ See Document [H]

living room, and kitchen cottage court for \$30 a month (war rental regulations were still in order). We loved that little place and christened it with a home warming event with all our friends.

We lived in [the cottage for our first year of marriage]⁹ – just perfect for us and close to transportation as we had no car. One day Ted talked to a neighbor who had disassembled the motor from his car and [forgetting how to put it back together,] it was lying on his garage floor. Ted bought it for \$50 (the whole things [car and all]) and proceeded to put it all back together. And it ran! We had wheels!! One things was wrong – it burned a quart of oil every time we went out, so Ted bargained with a gas station to use his oil from oil changes - I told you he was brilliant. He had never put a car together but we enjoyed having a little transportation.

We soon settled into a student life – commuting to Berkeley every day by bus if necessary. What with school studying and working on Saturdays (for the grand sum of \$5 each!) Ted sometimes did carpentry work for his cousin. So with \$90 from the GI Bill, plus my \$5 weekly and Ted’s money (at least \$5) we lived on \$100 a month and with both parents extending invitations to dine, we did great.

These were happy years as were those that followed. Ted always loved the out-of-doors so we did lots of fun things. Our school loads were very heavy and hard so we didn’t have much time to travel very far. San Francisco was a favorite – Golden Gate Park a paradise – humongous. We went on picnics there, visited the Museum [and] the Japanese Gardens, walked the Zoo – all of them free! It was a wonderful time to be starting a life together in California – a beautiful, great State then.

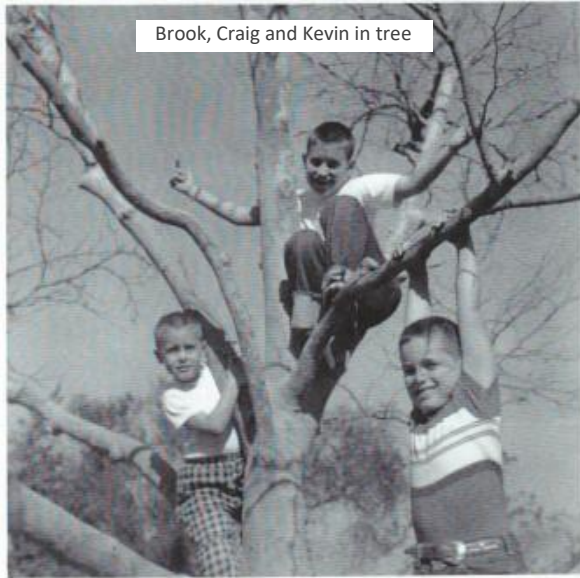
We commuted to Berkeley 1947-49. Ted graduated and [our first child,] Theodore Craig Hilton [was born on June 14, 1949]. Of course, he was a beautiful baby and grew to be a handsome man. We were blessed with 4 very **special** spirits – not only beautiful – but extremely intelligent. Craig’s expertise was his ability in Math and Science. He talked at 9 months. I went to feed him his dinner and always said when it was done, “All gone”. [These were his first words].



Before Kevin Donnelly Hilton was born, we bought a tract home in San Lorenzo, California. [At the end of 1950,] our dear friends the Fernsteins followed suit and lived 2 streets over. We lived there for a little over a year and then sold it for an \$11,000 profit – from a borrowed \$500 down payment – we made a great investment.

⁹ See Document [J]

Family Years



At this time, Ted was working at Cal Canneries (Del Monte Foods). They wanted him to become a superintendent, but he didn't like the 12-14 hour summer days (sometimes longer) and the transferring of families to other cities. He decided to leave. So he sold Equitable Insurance for about a year and did fantastic, but he wanted to do something else, so Standard Oil hired him to be Personnel Director of a subsidiary called Ortho Chemicals. He stayed with that until an offer came from Southern California to head the Personnel Department [*Ed: called Human Resources, today*] of a small subsidiary of Transamerica. They soon transferred him to their Insurance Division [where he] reorganized Transamerica Insurance Group.

Needless to say, he was successful and finally found his niche in Southern California where we moved to

La Canada-Flintridge. We lived [there]¹⁰ for almost 35 years. Our sons Craig, Kevin and Brook were [were] born in the Bay Area [and] Ann was born [in Southern California] when Brook was 5. Our family was complete.

La Canada years saw our “family grow up”, graduate from high school, serve missions, [go to] college, [establish] careers – always moving up. [We] lived [in La Canada] until Ted took early retirement at 56.

These retirement years were fabulous with Ted taking out a real estate license and then a brokerage license (neither of which he ever used), but it enabled us to buy homes in La Canada, fix them up and sell – we both loved that! He also partnered with a company that made [electronic] components [for IBM] and was doing really well when the company [IBM] moved their work to China or Mexico (I don't remember which).



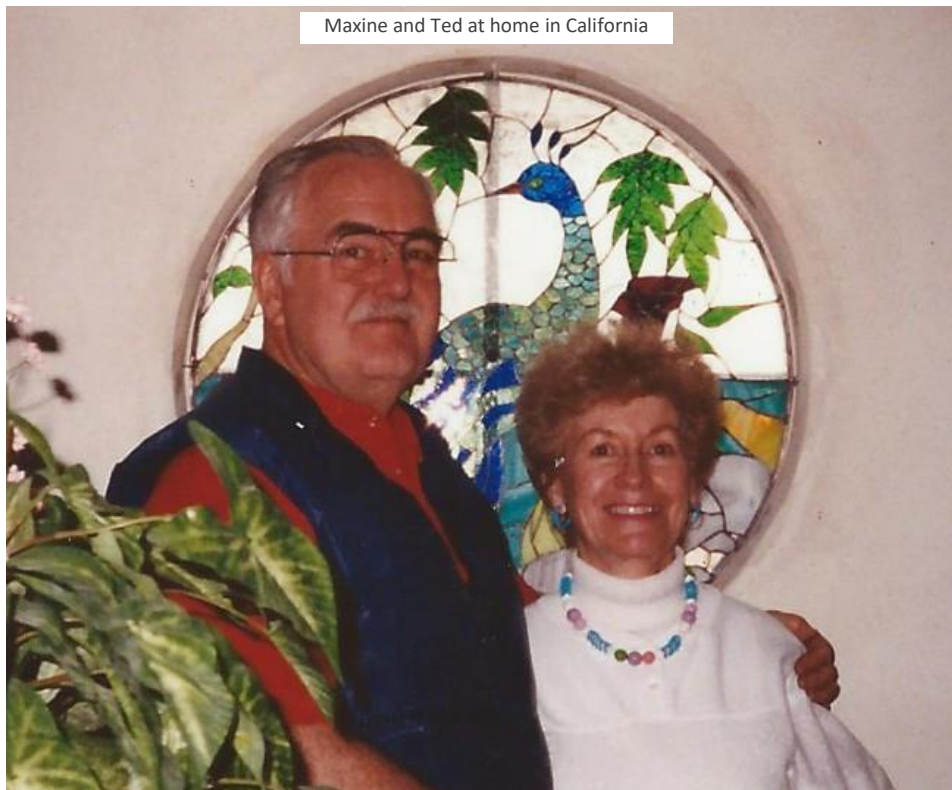
I loved having my husband so happy with his work and have him so close. They were such happy years –

¹⁰ See Document [E]

visiting our children and travelling.

When my father passed away, we needed to live closer to my Mom as she didn't want to give up her home. My brother and sister-in-law had property there [Hemet, California] and we were going to build 17 houses. We did get \$11,000 of dirt poured and leveled and still needed to get the asphalt in to start our building with Al and Kay. However, the gods were against us. A recession hit that lasted way too long and we were unable to build or get a loan. We survived that, but we had bought a little house that backed up to our property and planned on building our dream home, but we were unable. We did sell the property for Al and Kay and after Mom died (4 Jan 1985) we put all our things in storage, sold our Hemet home and traveled for one year from coast to coast. What a time we had – the best of all possible worlds.

While visiting Craig and Peggy in South Carolina, we found a lovely home which we fixed up as only my dear husband could. I was the "suggester". It was across the street from a river and a 3 mile walking path. That was a real plus. How we enjoyed those walks and sitting on the benches – it was a glorious time. We had started to slow down a bit as Ted was diagnosed with Miodisplacia. He died in South Carolina [on Good Friday] in April, 2003.

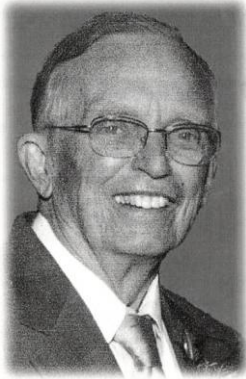


Maxine and Ted at home in California

My world collapsed. My love – the love of my life - was not here. But for the Gospel it would have been unbearable. The hope of the Eternities. The knowledge that I had the most wonderful man in the world to call "husband".

Brilliant as well were our 4 children. I am so grateful the wonderful journey I have had – what a marvelous opportunity to have shared my life with someone who knew

everything about everything. I am so thankful for my 4 beautiful children. You are each so gifted in some way or other. **Loved** you from the beginning and considered is a **true joy** to have been your Mother.



[Editor: After Maxine’s passing, she was blessed to have Don Nelson, an old and dear family friend and world-renown endocrinologist, come back into her life. After a brief courtship they were married in 2005. They lived a peaceful life in Salt Lake City until Don’s passing on Mom’s birthday, 2010. Maxine then moved to Vancouver, Washington, near her daughter, Ann until her passing.]

Testimony¹¹

My journey is coming to a close one day sooner than later. It has been an awesome journey and you, our children, have given us the most joy and sorrow in our lives. Fortunately, the joys far outweigh the sorrows. We are down here to learn and if we have learned we are all better men and women for the knowledge. You all lit up our lives and everything and everyday was our conversation about each of you. Thank you for coming to “our” home. You were and are such special spirits. I count myself blessed to have been your Earthly Mother. I will love you for the eternities.

I want you to know that I have tried always to keep the commandments from our Heavenly Father. I love the Gospel and was privileged to learn so much from my callings which were Jr. Sunday school teacher, secretary to several organizations, teacher of many subjects in Relief Society, counselor in Primary Presidencies and Relief Society, Presidents of Primary and Relief Society and on the Young Women’s Board in Berkeley. I would never have sought out these opportunities because I am basically very shy, but the wonderful experiences I have had in all my callings have enriched my life and solidified my testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have thought for many years now that I should have told of my love of the Gospel more often to you, my children, but life has a way of getting in the way. I leave you with my knowledge that Christ lives and is the only begotten Son of our Heavenly Father. My life has been richer and fuller because of this knowledge. It has helped me weather some difficult times and brought joy to my soul.

Your Dad was always an inspiration to me. Such a righteous, spiritually blessed man. He loved the Lord, too, and his appreciation for the good things in this world knew no bounds. I don’t know how I would or could go on if I didn’t KNOW with ALL my Being that we will be together again – Forever – what peace this gives me – what joy! I’ve loved you all forever and pray we will all meet again and laugh and cry together and talk about those good old Earthly Days.

¹¹ See Document [G]

Recollections on Marriage

Ted is a remarkable man – one of the “great ones” a Bishop once said to me and to which I concurred. He could do anything. He could talk about any subject that was brought up with knowledge. He was a



true scriptorium – he knew the scriptures and could quote and find anything – same with the Church history. One of my favorite trips was when Ted took me to all the Churches’ historical sites in the East. He carried a large flat stone from the site of Josephs Smith’s and Oliver Cowdery’s baptisms and put it in our patio in Spartanburg saying “they could have stood here”. He was an avid outdoorsman, mountain climber, backpacker – he loved nature, fishing, hunting – his interests were boundless. He could build anything, repair anything, make anything. In addition to his many avocations, he was a respected VP for a major Transamerica subsidiary [and was] ethical, honorable [and] wise in all he did.

Ted [was] a truly remarkable man. I had the privilege of sharing Ted’s life [as his wife for 55 years] on earth and

in the heavens when my time comes. I have missed “my Ted” every day since he has gone “back home”. I know the angels rejoiced at his return while we wept.

The last chapter in my life is yet to be fulfilled. I have missed my Ted every day of my life and I constantly think when I see a bluebird or hear a beautiful area or a symphonic masterpiece (Beethoven’s 5th) – I wish I could share them my love, but I know where he is and it is always beautiful.

I want you to know that I have never doubted the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. It gives me such comfort to know we will meet again and be together.

ENDNOTES

ⁱ Ruby Stewart (*a detailed history of her life is available from the Editors: see the book “Franklin Henry Steward Family” in the Editor’s library that contains the detailed histories of her grandmother’s family.*) was born in 1897, into a old Mormon pioneer-rooted family in Benjamin, Utah. She led a contented and happy life in a small, well-to-do family. Her father was a merchant, owning several businesses, included a local movie theater (Movie theaters were relatively rare in the early 1900’s – in fact, the first was built in 1905).

Her father eventually lost his businesses during the Depression. Ruby was a good student and attended Brigham Academy (later BYU) and graduated as a teacher. In the early 1900’s a teacher required completing high school plus one year of college and passing a written examination. After receiving her certification, she decided nursing was a better profession and enrolled at BYA the next term. To earn money for her nursing tuition, she taught for a term, where she made the decision to remain in teaching.

The Stewarts originated in Scotland. Alexander Stewart (b1675) and his wife Margaret Dixon (b1677) immigrated first to Ireland and soon on to New London, Connecticut (US) in 1719. Benjamin Franklin

Stewart (b1817) was a politician (following in his father's path) living near Nauvoo, Illinois, when he became acquainted with the Church. He studied "Mormonism" for 5 years, before being baptized in 1844. The pioneer story of his trek from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs, thence to Salt Lake is a remarkable one. He was one of the first leaders ("captains") of the first party to scout the path to the Salt Lake valley. His name (along with both the Savages and Hiltons) is engraved on the "This is the Place" monument in Salt Lake City today.

ⁱⁱ Alton "Chappy" Donnelly (*a detailed history of his life is available from the Editors*) was born in 1893 in Benjamin, Utah, to a well-to-do merchant. His father owned several businesses, including a candy store. Alton's early youth was very happy. When he was 10, his mother unexpectedly passed away and his father re-married a widow with 2 daughters. Within 18 months age 11 because of disagreements with his two new stepsisters, was boarded with distant relatives in Utah. "Board" refers to both the room where he slept and the two meals a day he was fed (breakfast and dinner).

However, his new "family" required him (at age 11) to pay his board by working in the local coal fields. Beginning as a mule herder, by 16 he was working the tippie rock crusher. At 18 Chappy, now a seasoned miner, became heavily involved in the unionization of mine workers; and a "unionizer" was not a career with a long life-expectancy back then. (Unionizers were considered to be Trotskyite socialists). At that time in America, mine conditions for the workers were deplorable, the shafts poorly ventilated and inadequately shored and life-expectancy of coal miners was the lowest of any profession in the US. Pay was based on tonnage, and shifts could last up to 12 hours, 6 days per week.

Interestingly, Alton never found fault with the family with whom he boarded for 8 years; rather he harbored feelings of abandonment by his father for sending him away. Alton was a tough living, drinker, smoker, card playing unionizer when newly-minted school principal Ruby Stewart moved into the tiny mining camp. Ruby and Alton were married within a year.

ⁱⁱⁱ Amazingly, both Ruby and Alton were from the same small Utah town of Benjamin with less than 4 years of age separating them, yet they did not know one another.

